Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1878. NUMBER 38.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

FARMS AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers at private sale the following properties, to wit: A tract of land in Snyder township, Blair county, 1½ miles from Jane Tyrone, containing 188 acres, well improved, having thereon all the necessary farm buildings. This farm will be divided into two or three parts, as desired by purchasers and if not sold before the 2nd day of March next, it will then be rented.

Also the farm on which I now reside, in Logan township, 3½ miles from Altoona. This property is in a high state of cultivation and has a splendid house, barn and other buildings thereon erected. Also, a tract of improved land situated partly in Blair and Cambria counties, containing 278 acres. This tract is underlaid with coal of excellent quality, well covered with timber, and has a road built to it, ready for shipping coal.

The above tracts will be sold as a Whole or divided, and on terms to suit purchasers, or will exchange for Altoona city property. For further information call on or address WM. DECKER.

Nov. 25, 1877.-1y. Box 809, Altoona.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of F. J. Christy, Executor of F. X. Christy, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 19th day of October, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Chas. Buxton, Administrator of Israel Gaghnour, late of Jackson township, dec'd, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 21st day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878.-3t.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM KITTELL, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of William Kittell, late of Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARGARET KITTELL, Adm'x.

Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1878.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS HERTZOG, dec'd.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Hertzog, late of Carroll township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to

LEWIS J. BEARER, Executor.

Susquehanna Twp., Sept. 19, 1878.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHNSTON MOORE, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of Johnston Moore, late of Ebensburg borough, deceased, have been granted by the Register of Cambria county to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOLMAKER, Adm'r.

Sept. 13, 1878.-6t.

DR. M. J. BUCK,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

ALTOONA, PA.

Office at 1318 Eleventh avenue, between 13th and 14th streets, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4-19.-tf.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [9-5,'77.-tf.]

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.

C. SIMON & CO.,

ALTOONA, PA.,

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!

GRAND DRY GOODS SALE

—FOR THE NEXT—

30 DAYS.

Stair Carpets, 7, 15, 25, 35c.
Good Hemp Carpet, yard wide, 15, 18, 20.
Good Ingrain Carpet, 25, 35, 45c.
Oil Cloths for Tables and Floors, 20, 30, 40, 45c.
Window Shades, 30 cts. per Roll.
Window Shade Fixtures, Very Cheap.
Oil Blinds, with Gilt Borders, $1.00 per pair.
Linen Suits and Ulsters, at 10 to 50 per cent. reduction.

DRESS { At Wonderful Low Prices. } GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hats, 5 cts. and upward.
Also, Corsets, Ribbons, Ruchings, &c., which will be slaughtered for the next 30 days.
Our Black Cashmere cannot be excelled in quality or price.

☞ Don't miss this opportunity, but come now and bring your cash, as we don't sell on credit.

C. SIMON & CO.,

11th Ave. & 13th St., Altoona.

S. B. CORN, Salesman.

THE GREAT ALTOONA

Clothing Depot

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH AN

All-Wool COAT for $1.75,

Well worth four times the amount;

A Man's Suit, lined throughout, for $3.50

—Cheap at Six Dollars.

A PAIR MEN'S HEAVY PANTS FOR 65 CTS.

A Pair Men's Ovenalls for 25c.

A Suit of Heavy Underclothing for 50c.

A Good Calico Shirt for 25c.

MEN'S HATS AND CAPS

FROM FORTY CENTS UP.

Trunks and Satchels

From Seventy Five Cents Up.

Gents' FURNISHING GOODS

—THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS, MILLINERY GOODS, LINEN SUITS, PARASOLS, &c.

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, OIL AND PAPER BLINDS,

Down to the Lowest Notch in Price.

☞ It is such low prices as above quoted that attract such large crowds to this Cheap Cash Store, and ought to convince every person that money can be saved by dealing with

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

Opposite Elwyn's Merchant Tailor Shop.

Altoona, Pa.

"CANDEE"

PURE GUM

RUBBER BOOTS

Being free from adulterative mixtures, will give longer service than common Rubber Boots.

Their great popularity has led to many cheap imitations, having a DULL FINISH, but this season the

"CANDEE" CO.

WILL

VARNISH

Their PURE GUM BOOTS, and to distinguish them from the common kind, will attach a RUBBER LABEL on the front of the leg, bearing the inscription

CUSTOM MADE.
PURE GUM.

These Boots have the **Patent Metal Heel Plate**, which prevents the heel wearing away so quickly, and they will have also the patent

Outside Stationary Strap

Instead of the very inconvenient web inside strap, used on other makes of Boots.

ASK FOR THE

"CANDEE" BOOT.

CAUTION.—Having on the 11th of July, 1878, purchased the following described property from A. R. Litzinger, of Chest Springs borough, and left the same in his possession during my pleasure, I hereby caution all persons against interfering in any way with said property, to wit: 1 grey horse, 1 sorrel horse, 1 cow, 1 wagon, plow, harrow, and harness, a lot of grain, hay, corn and potatoes.

ELIZABETH LIBBY.

Oct. 2, 1878.-3t.*

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [1-21.'76.-tf.]

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you.

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't, pay
To do without a paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late:
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry,
And, printer, if you're married,
You know the reason why:

The children want their stories,
And wife is anxious, too,
At first to glance it over,
And then to read it through,
And I to read the leaders,
And con the book reviews,
And scan the correspondence,
And every scrap of news.

I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try,
For other people take it,
And print'er, so must I;
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A fogy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few, you know,
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar,
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down,
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcome d benison.

O. C.

Morristown, N. Y.

A WIFE'S CONFESSION.

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbor. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.

This was how it happened. He was the rector at Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes' walk from the church and rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised, when, one morning as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.

I have never been able to find out why I said yes, but I did; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse him; perhaps I feared his pale face, and his low, pleading voice would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or, perhaps, it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but anyhow I said yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then, I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault—I either would not or could not love him. I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it; and I am sure he found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied, the next day if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maude to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked so dreary and empty and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls, and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which, when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief, as he followed me, whining, into the house.—Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master. At last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room, and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me standing on his writing-table, and another on the chimney piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed, the room was full of little remembrances of me; I opened a book I had given him, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I had taken of all his gifts to me.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety, I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero appeared to think so, too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to my breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot all about it, and left it to be put in water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself and go and visit some of the poor people of the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, all held forth on my husband's kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice that I was pale and worn out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest, as he would have done had he been there. Oh, how I missed him. What a fool I had been! Was there ever a woman loved and cared for as I have been? Oh! why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he never would come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought almost maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress. I pictured her receiving tenderly the little loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maude arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general, and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"Why, Nelly," said Maude, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband, very properly, as mamma says, objected.

"So I did," I answered, "but I did not know then that she would entice my husband away from me in this way, or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nell, you are very hard on the poor woman; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maude.

"Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it," I replied rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing.—Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day: so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maude.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maude the reins I leaned back and thought of our conversation. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maude said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maude was right, that I was jealous and that I was in love, as she called it.

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could for all my former cruelty, for could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake, I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but, when morning came, my pride stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for or so pleased with her first love letter as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality, I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health, begged me to write to him a few lines every day, but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maude's amusement, who, of course, was under the impression that I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short cold note, and with no allusion to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from my husband, and writing short, cold answers.

I lost my appetite, I could not sleep at night, and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maude became frightened and declared she would write and summon my husband home and tell him I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined that he should never hear from any lips but mine, that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way; so I determined to go on to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband.

I came to this decision one night, and went to Maude's room early the next morning to tell her my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey. They seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the drawing-room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, and so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side was some of my husband's socks, which she was darning—socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me which he was writing lying upon it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear! Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking on a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to ask me questions as to the cause of my coming.

She came back in a few minutes with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she sent for him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! What is it?" he cried, as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast and sobbed bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out:

"Oh, Andrew, my love! my dear love! can you ever forgive me! I came to ask you and to tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and [illegible] at length he let me go there were other tears upon my cheek besides my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing until dinner time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears; and I had learned from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I knew it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any one on earth. We went back to the rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Natural History for Small People.

The whale is generally spoken of by poets as "the monster of the deep." Do you see how lively he is? The whale is the most sportive fish under water. The shark can take a joke and crack one, but for broad riffling humor the whale knocks all the funny almanacs into slivers.

How long is the whale?

Some whales are eighty feet long, but if you ever see one, and rush into a printing office to have an item built on the fact, it would be better for your children if you said that the whale was forty feet long. The world can forgive a man for exaggerating the facts of a tornado, freshet or steamboat disaster, but the man who lies about fish is gone up for that moment. That's the reason why no true, good man ever goes a fishing.

"Can a whale crack a hickory-nut with his teeth?"

"He can, but he doesn't fool around with such trifles. When he opens his mouth to bite he prefers to crack a whale boat or a bald headed sea captain from Nantucket—one of those tough old fellows who come back from the Arctic seas and tell about seeing four moons in the sky at once."

"Is a whale's mouth as large as the Capitol building at Washington?"

"That's according to whose book on whaling you have confidence in. Some writers can open a whale's mouth wide enough to chuck in most any building, while others who want to go to heaven state that no whale could gulp down a street car, without loosing some of his teeth. The trouble is that no newspaper man ever finds time to go off on a cruise after whales, and therefore can secure no reliable figures and statistics."

"How old do whales live to be?"

"You have got us now. We never saw the same whale over three or four times, but whether they died of grief over that fact, or swam away to make new acquaintances, we could never find out. When a man tells you that a whale lives to be seven, seventy or seven hundred years old, ask him to submit the proofs."

"Where are whales mostly found?"

"In the water. They never come to land until tired of life and ready for a change."

"How fast can they swim?"

"That is another disputed point. A Nantucket captain says he saw one speeding at the rate of thirty miles an hour, while a New Bedford captain saw one going at the rate of a mile a minute. Horace Greely could have settled the dispute in his 'Recollections of a Busy Life,' but he seems to have avoided doing so. However, if you are ever chased by a whale, it will be prudent for you to make 100 miles an hour, if you can."

"Do whales prefer shelled corn to corn on the cob?"

"No. No well regulated whale would be in the least put out after swallowing a wagon load of cobs."

"Do whales fight with each other?"

"Not often. If a whale comes fooling around, blustering what he can do and putting on airs, he is generally rolled in the mud to take the conceit out of him; but, as a rule, the whale prefers to rest his nose on a coral reef and give himself up to planning the social elevation of the walrus and the squid."

"Is it cruel to harpoon a whale?"

"It is. There should be a law obliging the whalers to catch their victims with a noosed rope and stupefy them with chloroform. Continue to be a good boy, and be glad that you are not a whale."

Heroism of a Sister of Charity.

In 1820 an eminent and benevolent Frenchman, M. Monthyon, founded his celebrated prizes for charity, devotion and courage, and intrusted to the Academy the selection of those who in the obscure ranks of poverty were distinguished for their active virtue and benevolent charity. Once a year there is held a grand meeting of the French Academy to read the reports and bestow the prizes. Last month the chief prize was bestowed on Aimee Milcent, a Sister of Charity in La Vendee. The following history of her energy, devotion and charity will be read with interest by all who honor courage and self-sacrifice:

In the west of La Vendee, famous for its ancient loyalty and for the the piety of its inhabitants, lies on the sea coast the village of Saint-Jean-de-Monta, where agriculture is now pursued, but which a few years ago was without roads and without industrial works, covered with water during a part of the year, a prey every Autumn to the pestilential fevers of the marshes, and but lately counting one pauper to every three inhabitants. In this wilderness of poverty and want Sister Milcent has for forty long years devoted her life to the care of the poor, to the tending of the sick and to the moral and religious education of children. This Sister of Charity was the adopted child of two old people almost as poor as herself, whom she tenderly nursed, and who dying left her an income of twenty-two sous a day. We shall see what great works a brave heart and an energetic will contrived to do with an income of eleven pence per day.

Left alone in the world at the age of thirty, Aimee Milcent, became a Sister of Charity, and looked after the sick people of the commune. Hers was no sinecure office. French communes on the coast are scantily cultivated and extend over great distances; the houses or hovels are very widely separated from one another. The sick people came to her when they could; but to the greater part of them she herself had to go, walking great distances over the waste lands and through the marshes. To dress sores, or to nurse patients suffering from contagious diseases, too often fear-deserted even by their relatives, this heroic Sister of Charity used to start before daybreak, walking thro' swamps and across marshes in order to reach her expectant patients by time in the morning, and enable her to return home at the accustomed hour when the sick, or the poor, or the children were waiting her kindly care.

Aimee Milcent, in addition to these out-door works of charity, had established in the commune a poor-house of her own, and a little dispensary for the poor. Here the sick were attended to, the poor relieved, the hungry fed, and old men and women were supplied in winter with warm clothes and wood and fuel. Young mothers, too, received in their poverty outfits for their newly-born babies; and here, too, orphans found shelter. This house of hers went among a grateful people by the name of the *Bureau de Charite*, but this humble little house, which seemed to dispose of the energies and resources of a public establishment, contained only one ardent soul, fertile in works of charity.

In a life so occupied it might have been expected that Aimee Milcent would have considered herself entitled to rest on Sunday, at least, after she had gathered and guided her scattered flock to the ever-open doors of the little church, and, after Mass, seen the children handed over to the instruction of the zealous village cure. But, no, this veritable Sister of Charity had not incessantly traversed the country, entered into the homes of so many families, laid her hand on so many social as well as bodily sores, without discovering that permanent source of so much misery and suffering—the public house, the centre of so much corruption and degradation, to which even young girls allowed themselves to be enticed.

To snatch them from this deplorable place of resort, Aimee Milcent instituted the *Reunion du Dimanche*, a kind of social Sunday gathering. Here the young country girls were entertained with innocent amusements, enlivened by the high spirits of a woman who possessed the secrets of doing well everything that she did.

Courageous and cool when she had to dress a dangerous wound, patient in the presence of great sufferings, indefatigable in the discharge of all her great works of charity, this resolute nurse of the sick was transformed on the Sunday into the tenderest of mothers, opening her warm heart to the confidences of her adopted daughters; alike ready to share the gaiety of those whose hearts are free and spotless, or to compensate the sorrows of those whose souls were troubled, or to lead back those who had gone astray to the right path.

Aimee Milcent was a large hearted woman, and toward the close of her laborious and noble life the occasion came for her to show her ardent love for her country. At the time of the Franco-German war the valiant sons of La Vendee showed that their ancient loyalty, patriotism and faith had undergone no decay. In the midst of the disasters which befell the country this heroic Sister of Charity improvised an ambulance, and devoted herself to the care of the wounded. She multiplied herself to bring succour and the consolations of religion to the wounded; and in the discharge of this new duty she showed an ardor that made her forget her advanced age, until with a heart desolated at the misfortunes of her country, as well as at the sufferings she witnessed, this heroic Sister of Charity, exhausted with her labors in her turn fell ill.

In order to do honor to her venerated old age, and to give a mark of the esteem in which she is held by her grateful countrymen, the French Academy has awarded the "Prize of Merit," consisting of one thousand francs, to Aimee Milcent, the noble and valiant Sister of Charity in noble and valiant La Vendee.—*Westminister Gazette.*

HOW TO PUT GIRL STOCK UP.—The number of young men who go alone to balls, sociables and other evening entertainments has been rapidly increasing for years past and is now a general subject for remark. Doubtless it is partly due to the growing isolation of men and women consequent on club life and other causes, but is largely due to the absurd necessity imposed upon young men of providing a carriage, at an expense of three dollars, whenever they invite young ladies to accompany them to the theatre or a party, and this, added to other expenses, swells the amount to a prohibitory size. Let girls turn to and make their own dresses in a pretty, simple fashion; let them discourage the hiring of carriages, the purchase of expensive bouquets, and refuse restaurant suppers, at least beyond the moderate dish of oysters, the cup of chocolate or plate of ice cream, and they will see a marvelous change in the social thermometer; girl stock will go up.—*Jennie June's New York Letter.*

"BRING out the best men!" shouts a political contemporary excitedly. No objection in the world, but wait until we can read a couple of galleys of proof, and then we are at your service.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Reading *Eagle* says that John C. Fiester lives at 320 South Eleventh street, in that city. He was born in Salisbury township, Lancaster county, and is 32 years old. He is a coachmaker by trade, and has lived in Reading some nine years. His family consists of himself, wife and one child. Eleven years ago he began to work on a piece of mechanism, which is one day destined to place his name in the front rank of American inventors. For some time past Mr. Fiester has been in delicate health from nervous debility, and during his spare time has been devoting every moment to the accomplishment of the dream of his life, until to-day it is realized. This is a piece of machanism in the shape of an Apostolic clock, which it is claimed is vastly superior to the Engel clock, exhibited here last winter, and is fully equal to the clock in the Strasburg Cathedral, Germany.

An *Eagle* representative recently paid a visit to Mr. Fiester and found him wrapt up in his work. The parts of the clock being altogether new, do not work as harmoniously as they will after they have been in position for some time. The clock is twelve feet high, three feet wide at the base and two feet five inches deep. It is divided into three sections, and the first contains a semi circle where a picture of a different clergyman of some Reading congregation is shown every eight minutes. The second section contains a dial perhaps two feet and a half in diameter. Inside this are placed smaller dials showing the different changes of time. One shows the circle of the Zodiac with the signs of the 12 months of the year. The others represent the moon's changes, the seasons, the day of the week, month and year, seconds, minutes and hours of the day and different phases of the moon. At the base of this section are two small tubes, which respectively represent the tide at Philadelphia and in mid-ocean. To the right and left of these are two doors where small figures emerge representing buglers and play in a very life like manner. Directly above the large dial is a niche where Childhood, Youth, Manhood and Old Age appear during the hour.

To the right and left of these are figures placed in alcoves representing Father Time and Death. The former holds in his hands a scythe, hour glass and bell, on which to strike the quarter hour with his scythe. Death, which is represented by a skeleton, holds a thigh bone in his right hand and strikes the hour on a skull at his side.

The upper section at the base has an open court, and on either side and a little beyond in the centre are double doors which open when the Apostolic march begins. To the left is a figure of Justice, who raises her scales when the Apostles appear. To the right and directly above, on a gilt column stands a golden cock that crows. Above the middle door is a pair of folding doors which open at the proper time, and allow the three Marys to pass out through.

To the right and left of this are shutters where Satan appears at different times. The whole is surmounted by one large steeple and two small ones with dormer windows. On top of the larger is a beautiful gilt cross, with a paddle wheel, which is designed to show the changes of the wind.

When the hour hand approaches the first quarter Father Time reverses his hour glass, and after striking on a bell with his scythe and another bell responding, Childhood appears. When the hour hand approaches the second quarter, Father Time strikes two and Youth appears. Then the middle of the lower folding doors open and the Savior comes walking out. The Apostles then commence to march and the three Marys pass out of the doors at the upper balcony, and stand facing the audience. As the Apostles come in front of Him they all bow to Him and he bows in return, except Peter, who turns his back to Him. Then Satan appears at the left window and the cock crows and flaps his wings. Justice then also raises her scales. When Judas appears he does not look at the Savior, but passes right on, the devil following him, and after seeing that Judas is all right, disappears and appears at the left hand window. Just before the third quarter Father Time strikes three and Manhood disappears. As the hour hand approaches the last quarter Father Times strikes four and Old Age appears, Death strikes the hour with a thigh bone and the march begins again.

Outside of these two voluntary movements every hour the apostles can be produced as often as desired. The clock is made of heavy walnut, profusely gilded. The figures are all nine inches high except the three Marys and Childhood. An organ inside the clock plays four sacred hymns and anthems, one every quarter of an hour. The apostles are all carved and colored after scriptural scenery. The principal works of the clock run two weeks, while the others have to be wound up at shorter intervals. The combined weight of the weights used in winding up the clock is 114 pounds. It is a wonderful piece of mechanism, and will be placed on exhibition on Penn street in the near future.

CHARLES A. BROWN, of Chicago, has married the mother of twenty children—eight of them twins. To perform such an act, says the Norristown *Herald*, requires more courage than to face the cannon's deadly mouth or to tread on the train of a woman. A year hence this is the song that will be sung into the ears of Brown: "Charles, little Henry must have a new pair of shoes." A week later; "Charles, Mary wants a new pair of shoes." Another week: "Charles, I want money for a new pair of shoes for tommy." Fourth week; "Charles, Sallie wants a new pair of shoes." And thus the song will run for four months, and Brown will even wish he were dead, or had married a widow of Timbuctoo, where shoes are unknown.

A PANAMA paper tells the following story of canine sagacity: When the dog wishes to cross the river where alligators abound, he goes up the stream a great way and barks with all his might; alligators go there and wait for his getting in to swim across. The dog knows what he is about; when he sees from the number of snouts above water that his enemies have all gathered to the feast, he runs down the bank as fast as he can and swims across before the alligators are aware of the trick that has been played upon them."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 18, 1878.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Democratic District Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
Gen. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough:
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough:
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.:
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

ALTHOUGH a Greenbacker was elected to Congress last week in the Indianapolis district, and also two in Iowa, it must not be inferred that these results were brought about purely by the votes of Greenback men. Each district was strongly Republican, and the Democrats made no nominations, but as a general thing voted for the Greenback candidates. If they had not done so, but had voted for men of their own party, there would have been no Greenback Congressmen elected in either of the two States. With Democrats it was a choice between two evils, and they chose the least.

WE were entirely too liberal last week in conceding that the Republican State ticket in Ohio had been elected by probably 7,000 majority. Last Saturday the Republicans of Columbus claimed a majority of only 4,000, while the Democrats would not concede more than 3,000. Thus has this great Republican victory dwindled down almost to a drawn game, for which the Democrats who voted the Greenback ticket have themselves alone to blame. If they had stood by their political integrity, in addition to electing *eleven* out of *twenty* Congressmen, they would have had a majority of twenty thousand for their State ticket.

THERE will not be any special regret expressed at the failure of Gen. Banks last week to obtain a renomination for Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts district. He was defeated by *one* vote by S. Z. Bowman. Some years ago he formally buried the bloody shirt, but not long since resurrected it, and vigorously flaunted it in the presence of an intelligent audience he was called upon to address. He has now received his proper reward, and that too in the old abolition State of Massachusetts. The same swift and stern punishment should be meted out to every public man who will attempt to preach the doctrine of hatred and ill will towards the people of the Southern States.

THE Denver (Colorado) *News*, speaking of the vote at the late election in that State, says that every Democratic convert to the Greenback party voted the straight Greenback ticket, while the Republican proselytes of the new organization marched to the polls and voted solidly for the Republican ticket. This nice little game was likewise played in Ohio at the election last week, and after it is re-enacted in our own State, in November, the Democrats who are now innocently training with the Greenback crowd will discover, only when it is too late, how completely they have been duped. One would suppose that the result in Colorado and Ohio ought to cause them to open their eyes, and to see the trap that is prepared for them.

THE true character of William Lilly, the cadet broker of Washington city, and the witness of Jacob M. Campbell's organ, the Johnstown *Tribune*, in its vile assaults upon Gen. Coffroth is now being more fully developed in its rottenness than even Lilly himself stamped it in his trumped-up story before the Congressional committee two years ago. It seems that he was a Brigade Quartermaster in the army in 1863, and we will publish next week the official record of his conviction by a Court Martial, held at Hilton Head, S. C., in that year, on *three* out of *five* charges preferred against him, and his dismissal from the service. *That* was the kind of hair-pin Lilly was in 1863. Has his character improved any since that eventful period?

ALWAYS taking it for granted that every Democrat who is worthy of the name will support the county ticket, and thus preserve the organization of his party unbroken, we have not deemed it all necessary to make any urgent appeal in that direction. We have no sort of patience with men calling themselves Democrats who will attend the delegate elections and afterwards oppose the nominations which have been made by their own selected agents. As a general rule, a county convention is a lottery in which political prizes are to be drawn, and no man will dispute the fact that the present county ticket was as fairly and honorably nominated as county tickets usually are. After the county convention had performed its work, it was not a question who *ought* to have been nominated for the different offices, but who *were*. The path has been made plain by the action of the convention, and no Democrat ought for one moment to think of doing anything else than his bounden duty by giving the ticket made by the convention his willing and cordial support.

IT was very amusing to see the Republican papers come out on the day after the Western elections last week, some with that "same old coon" up a pole, and others with a valiant *rooster* proudly crowing over a supposed political triumph. The fun didn't last very long, however, for on the following day it was discovered that the coon had sneaked forth a little too soon, and that the rooster had commenced to crow before he was half way out of the woods. The *Herald* played this *foul* trick on its readers as late as Thursday afternoon. It was a fitting imitation of the traditional boy whistling to keep his courage up while passing a graveyard after dark, or of a drowning man grasping at a straw. To lose *three* Congressmen in Ohio, *three* in Indiana, and *two* in Iowa—thus placing a Democratic majority in the lower branch of the next Congress beyond all doubt—was not much to crow over, nor was it exactly the entertainment to which Republican editors expected to be invited. The *marrow* of the victory won by the Democracy in these elections consists in the fact that they secured a majority of the Congressmen from each of the States of Ohio and Indiana, whose votes will, per consequence, be cast for a Democrat for President in the event of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives. Dan Voorhees succeeded in securing a majority of *twelve* over the Republicans and Greenbackers in the Indiana Legislature, and his election to the U. S. Senate may therefore be regarded as certain. This is a proud victory for the eloquent Indiana Senator, in the face of a Republican apportionment bill in that State which is as one sided and unjust as the one now in force in our own State.

IT is very evident that the Republican leaders intend to play their usual fraudulent game at the election in Philadelphia, unless prevented by the Judges of the Courts, before whom the annual contest to purge the registry lists commenced last week, and will continue daily until a few days previous to the election. The assessors have returned a total of 189,640 registered voters in that city. New York contains about 300,000 more inhabitants than Philadelphia, but has never polled as many votes as are registered in the latter city. It is believed that nearly 40,000 more names are on the Philadelphia lists than ought to be. As nearly all the wards are Republican, the assessors of course belong to that party, and as an instance of how effectually they do their fraudulent work, it was shown in the Court of Common Pleas, last Saturday, that *eight* voters were put down on the list as living at No. 1766 Howard street, whereas a Mrs. Potts testified before the Court that she lived at that number with her husband and son, and that there were no other men in the house. All the efforts that the Democrats have made in the Legislature to have one assessor of each party elected in the different wards have been defeated by the ring, for the express purpose of preventing an honest registration. Last year 8,000 illegal names were stricken from the list by the two Judges, and double that number would have been erased had there been time. The frauds in the city of rings at the next election bid fair to exceed those perpetrated in 1872 in the interest of Hartranft.

THE Philadelphia Recorder bill, of which M. S. Quay, chairman of the Republican State Committee, is now enjoying the ill-gotten fruits, has been brought to the attention of Henry M. Hoyt, Cameron's candidate for Governor, in a way which we fancy he least expected. A committee of citizens of Philadelphia addressed a letter early last week to each of the candidates for Governor, asking him whether, in his opinion, a repeal of the obnoxious measure would receive executive sanction. It will not be very difficult for Mr. Dill to answer such a letter, because he denounced the measure as unconstitutional. Before Hoyt replied to it, he got Hartranft, who signed the bill, and Quay, the Recorder himself, each to address a letter to him (Hoyt), in which they both, of course, defend the bill, and Hoyt sends these two letters, together with a brief one from himself, to the committee, as his answer. All this is exceedingly thin, and Mr. Hoyt will be taught that he cannot hoodwink the voters of Philadelphia by any such red tape process. The concluding sentence of Quay's letter to Hoyt in defence of the bill is a curiosity in its way. He tells Hoyt that in no sense can the bill work any oppression, "except among the thieves who have been bribing public officers, and robbing the State of her revenues in years past." This is as cool as an icicle, coming from a man who, under the very bill he is defending, is robbing the people of Philadelphia, as stated by the committee in their letter to Hoyt, of "more than $60,000 per annum."

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph*, a leading Republican paper, in referring to Delaney's charge of Know Nothingism against Mr. Dill, pays the following manly tribute to that gentleman:

> Archbishop Wood evidently has no ambition to figure before his fellow-citizens in the character of an organ-grinder, and the brief card in which he repudiates some of the very ridiculous performances of the *Catholic Standard* has both pith and point. The article in the *Standard* on "Know Nothingism in Pennsylvania Politics" was a mean, malicious and unedified effort to attack Mr. Dill, which would have done discredit to any journal, but the publication of which in a religious paper was simply disgraceful. If Mr. Dill ever advocated Know Nothingism it was when he was a boy, and before he had wit and experience to know what he was talking about. What he professed to believe when he was eighteen years old has about as much bearing upon his political standing at the present time as had George Washington's early Tory principles with his policy after he became President of the United States. We hope to see Mr. Dill's competitor elevated to the Governorship of this State, but we have no desire to see the Democratic candidate slandered, or to have his defeat accomplished by other than the most honorable means. Whatever there may be against Mr. Dill as a politician, it can truthfully be said of him that there has been no suspicion of dark-lanternism about his course. He has been in fact, remarkably open and above-board in all his sayings and doings, and if he should have the good luck to be elected Governor of this State there is no reason to doubt that he will perform all the Gubernatorial functions without fear, favor or partiality, and without religious or any bias other than that which is to be expected of a zealous advocate of a certain order of political opinions.

FROM the 1st of January, 1876, to the 30th of September, 1878—two years and nine months—110,088,525 copies of the New York *Sun* were issued, making a daily average circulation of 115,626 for the entire time, with a weekly circulation of 85,-893. How true it is that the *Sun* shines for all.

The Slanders against Gen. Coffroth.

The following article, which we copy from last week's Johnstown *Democrat*, assigns to the Johnstown *Tribune*, Jacob M. Campbell, who is the power behind the *Tribune*, the Bedford *Inquirer*, and last, though not least, William Lilly, the positions they are entitled to occupy, owing to the polluted flood of slander they have let loose on the head of Gen. Coffroth:

> The campaign of slander instituted by Jacob M. Campbell and the Johnstown *Tribune*, and followed by the Bedford *Inquirer*, against the character of Hon. A. H. Coffroth, is disgusting to fair men in the Republican party, and putting vigor and determination into Democrats to make an effort to defeat this campaign of slander and abuse. The *Tribune* charged Mr. Coffroth with selling a cadetship to a young man named Berwind, who resided at Saxton, Bedford county, and produced in evidence the statement of William Lilly, of Washington City. Mr. Lilly is one of the lilies that toil not, and neither does he spin anything but very improbable yarns. He is known in Washington City as a "policy" man, a man who is able and willing to furnish witnesses ready "stuffed" with any kind of evidence desired, and is a well-known perjurer and suborner of perjurers. He is a man without character or conscience, and for a consideration would swear to anything. His testimony would not be taken in a court of justice, and his evidence where he is known is damaging to the party who pays him. He is not one of the lilies of the valley, but a lily flivered liar. He is in short a notorious dead beat. And the assertion that he was or is a Democrat is as big a lie as Lilly is himself.
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> But last week's publication in the *Democrat* of the letters of John Fulton, Esq., Superintendent of the Cambria Iron Company's Mines, and the Messrs. Berwinds' letters in reply, flattened out the cadetship slander so transparently thin that the slanderers have been dazed and confused, and are now prepared to admit that their attack so far on the cadetship is a shameless slander; and propose now to say that it was some other man who bought the cadetship.
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> As their slander about Berwind has so completely failed and reacted on them, their paid perjurer Lilly is again brought to the front, and with Jacob M. Campbell's money in his pocket, is willing to swear that Hon. A. H. Coffroth is the man who stole Charley Ross and struck Billy Patterson. And Mr. Lilly's testimony to these mysterious affairs would be believed about as much as anything else he may be paid to say.
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> Hence the Bedford *Inquirer* of last week contains a slanderous letter from the redoubtable Lilly against General Coffroth in reply to a speech made by him at a Democratic meeting recently held in Bedford. By the testimony of Lilly published in the *Tribune*, and in a pamphlet now being circulated by Campbell, Lilly swears, *that he did not remember the name of the cadet—did not remember who the cadetship was for—did not know where he paid the money to Coffroth.* Now, this miserable, purchased beat, over two years after this sworn statement was made, says the cadet's name is Charles Philip Kuhnhart—that the money was paid at "Sanderson's," and the appointment was made on the 4th day of June, 1866. It is plain to all when he made his statement under oath he swore falsely, or he now utters a falsehood.
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> But is it not self-evident that both his statements are false, and that interested parties have paid him for them? He stands forth a self-admitted perjurer. That is his business, and the men who are now using him are suborners of perjury. The Johnstown *Tribune* says the cadet was Berwind, and produced Lilly's statement in behalf of it up to and Jacob M. Campbell had the *Tribune's* charge and Lilly's statement printed in pamphlet form and circulates that pamphlet now. Lilly and the Bedford *Inquirer* say it was Kuhnhart. Was there ever such a palpable lie? Did ever before any set of liars so jumblingly mix themselves up? Both are shameless and infamous falsehoods. When the liars are answered they change their time. The important question is what had Campbell's money to do with getting this last statement? How much money has Jacob M. Campbell paid this gold scrogged to swear his soul to hell? Will any sensible man believe that a falsehood any longer after this humiliating confession of perjury by Lilly? We think not.
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> The Johnstown *Tribune* must now change its base, it must print another pamphlet and admit it lied about Berwind.
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> Gen. Coffroth appointed one naval cadet on the recommendation of John Fulton, Esq., one on the recommendation of Hon. B. F. Meyers, and one on the recommendation of the late Hon. J. W. Dickerson, of Bedford county.—Mr. Fulton has fully vindicated Gen. Coffroth in the appointment of Berwind. Mr. Dickerson is dead and Lilly knows this and has probably hit upon the young man he recommended in order to save himself and his instigators from a crushing contradiction and expose similar to the Berwind case. It is more than likely that Lilly's last statement was fixed up by one of Campbell's henchmen in Bedford. Gen. Coffroth is determined to find the whereabouts of Kuhnhart and have him expose Lilly's last lie. The public may expect a new lie against Gen. Coffroth in all the issues of the *Tribune* and Bedford *Inquirer* until the election.

THE Harrisburg *Patriot* very distinctly declares that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, by voting for Hoyt, will to all intents and purposes sustain the infamous bargain and sale whereby the Mollie Maguire vote was secured for Hartranft three years ago, and judging from the following we don't see how that horn of the dilemma can be avoided by any Republican who supports the ring ticket. The *Patriot* says:

> The death warrant of Jack Kehoe has not been issued, and if it should be issued will be followed by a reprieve from the Governor *after the election*. The Republican politicians *are counting on the life of the convicted man*, and they take their cue from the corrupt bargain and sale *engineered by their candidate, Col. Hoyt*, in 1875, when he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. We will let Mr. J. H. Lambert, the staff correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, tell the story. Mr. Lambert, in writing of the *Times* from Pittsburg, under date of October 10, says:
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> "It is a fact that the important question of buying this vote (the Mollie Maguire) with money was discussed at length and earnestly by the Republican State Committee in the campaign of 1875. The proposition for the purchase as presented to the Committee came from a few of the members, notably Mr. Wm. H. Kemble, of Philadelphia, who vigorously protested against the permanent disgrace and injury which such action, if consummated, would bring upon the Republican party. He was voted down, however, by a considerable majority of the members, and a fund of between four and five thousand dollars was immediately provided, which was passed over, through Gen. Seigfried and other local politicians of Schuylkill, to work its infamous purpose. Col. Henry M. Hoyt, the present Republican candidate for Governor, was chairman of the State Committee which decided upon this policy and furnished the money. He will not deny the accuracy of this statement, nor will any member of his committee of that year."
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> This statement puts the *responsibility* for the purchase of the Molly Maguire vote for Hartranft in 1875, through the agency of Jack Kehoe and his confreres, *upon Henry M. Hoyt.* This is a part of *his* record. It is a record, too, which he cannot dispute or explain. The money raised by the State Committee of which Hoyt was chairman *was paid to Jack Kehoe by Gen. Seigfried*, of Schuylkill county, who to-day holds office under Hartranft and who is the bosom friend of Hoyt. The fact was proved under oath upon the Molly Maguire trials.—When even so thoroughly-paced a partisan as William H. Kemble recalled from the proposition which was afterwards carried into effect by Hoyt and his committee, it may be understood how disgraceful and revolting it was. Now, according to Mr. Lambert, the Hoyt managers are actively engaged in an effort to repeat the corrupt and infamous bargain of 1875 with the Molly Maguires. The new contract is based on the *life of Jack Kehoe*. A fellow by the name of J. J. Gallagher, of M'Keesport, has been procured to go among Irishmen to represent that in order to save Jack Kehoe from the gallows they must vote *the Greenback ticket*.—As the Irish vote is chiefly Democratic, the purpose of Gallagher's employers is to divert it, if possible, from Mr. Dill. They know they cannot get it for Hoyt. Their fraudulent and desperate scheme has been exposed and will certainly fail. All that Hoyt and his managers will make by this atrocious trick will be the humiliation and disgrace they deserve. If decent Republicans mean to vote consistently for a Republican candidate for Governor, they had better recall their convention and place another name at the head of the ticket.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* says that the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, after sending to the country two columns of slander upon the Democratic organization and one of the candidates of the party, considers itself aggrieved because it was charged with being paid for the job. It suddenly realizes that it has been caught in aiding a lot of corrupt politicians, and is brought up standing by Archbishop Wood and a further discussion prevented. But how does it propose to remedy the injury it has done? It is not enough to say the editor and proprietor were not purchased with money; we may grant that, but there is no restitution in this to Mr. Dill or the Democratic party.

—A Providence swindler coolly sold a house to which he had no claim, and received $2,700 for the forged title. The owner first learned of the sale when the supposed purchaser ordered him to move out.

On to Victory.

CHAIRMAN SPEER STRIKES THE KEYNOTE OF DEMOCRATIC DUTY—STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

The command of the hour is *Forward!* The duty of the hour is prompt, earnest, thorough organization. With the result of the late State elections before us, the highway to victory is so plain that even the blind can walk in it. Let Democrats worship at their own altar! Let the men who have stood by our standard through storm and hail—through defeat and disaster—strike their locks again and present an unbroken front to the common foe. Read with open eye, and consider with honest heart, the result in Ohio and Indiana.—They bring you fruitful lessons.

In Indiana the Democrats followed the old flag, and stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle. Victory now gilds their ensign; a majority approaching twenty thousand for their State ticket, and the election of nine out of thirteen members of Congress—a gain of five—and a majority in the Legislature, are the substantial fruits of their devotion.

In Ohio we have elected eleven members of Congress, a gain of three; but, while in a pitiable minority of the whole popular vote, the Republicans have elected their State ticket by a small plurality, through the folly of our own people. A sufficient number of Democrats wandered into the Greenback organization to secure the defeat of their old faith and the temporary success of their relentless foe. The Republicans who pretend to be Greenbackers betrayed their professions, and at the polls deserted their new party. And now the Democrats who were misled and deceived in the consuming shame and sorrow of their betrayal awake to the truth that they have been made the instruments to perpetuate Republican misrule and to defeat their old friends and cause.

Democrats of Pennsylvania, I call upon you to swear with uplifted hand that like tactics and treachery, led by corrupt men and means, shall not succeed here in November. To pause in your duty now is a crime. United, the State is ours, and the feast of Indiana will be spread upon our table. If you waste your ballot upon a third candidate the spoiler will reap the harvest and rob you of your own! Loaded with the plunder of many years, the Republican managers are debauching the people, and are maintaining Greenback organizations in Democratic counties for the cunning purpose of dividing our forces and thus securing our defeat. Hopelessly demoralized themselves, in their utter despair they seek to divide us. Shall the lesson of Ohio and Indiana pass unheeded? If faithful to our flag no human power can arrest our march or delay our triumph.

And why should Democrats desert their party now? The evils and burdens under which the people groan are the bitter fruits of Republican rule. Shall our folly perpetuate in power the authors of our woe? Or shall we not, burying minor differences, unite our forces and go forward to their overthrow? The path of duty and of safety is before us, and I summon every Democrat in the state to walk in it. If any of our people have been hesitating they must now see that the only hope of success is with us. With a history dating from the birth of the nation; honored with illustrious names and deeds, the Democratic party calls its wayward children back to its fold, that they may share in the joy and rejoicing of its coming victory.

R. M. SPEER,
Chairman State Democratic Committee.

THE CATHOLIC STANDARD COMES DOWN.—The *Catholic Standard* of this week, says the Pittsburgh *Post* of Friday, instead of producing Delaney's proofs of Dill's Know Nothingism, confesses to an error of judgment in the publication of its injudicious article of last week. It denies, however, that there was any corrupt consideration in the publication. As we published the public letter of Archbishop Wood censuring the publication, it is but just to give the following letter from the Archbishop to the publishers of the *Standard*:

> CATHEDRAL, LOGAN SQUARE, }
> PHILADELPHIA, October 7, 1878. }
>
> To the Editor and Proprietors of the *Catholic Standard*:
>
> GENTLEMEN: You object to the words, "*as a machine to be used by the managers of any political party*," which occur in the "Card" published in this issue of your paper as reflecting on your personal integrity. In using them we by no means intended to attribute corrupt or improper motives either to the editor or proprietors of the *Catholic Standard* in the publication of the unfortunate article. We have, on the contrary, many reasons to accord to them our sincere respect and esteem.
>
> Very respectfully, your obedient servant in Christ,
> *JAMES F. WOOD,
> Archbishop of Philadelphia.

The *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, devotes a lengthy editorial to the *Standard* article, from which we quote:

> Mr. Dill, who is too well known and has too distinct a record for him to deny, pronounces the charges as, FROM BEGINNING TO END, A LIE. The charge, whipped up into such froth, is that, in Know-Nothingism, he was a Know-Nothing! But his age is there to plead for him. In Know Nothing times he was *a boy in his teens!* He declares, even then, that he was never affiliated with them. (Not being of *voting age*, he could not have been a member of any lodge.) Mr. Dill *denouncing the whole story as a lie* makes its publication, without proof, very objectionable.
>
> Mr. Dill, Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, has a character sufficiently substantial to obtain entire belief when he declares *he never was affiliated to the Know Nothings!* We stand on *this*.
>
> The *Catholic Standard*, an excellent and able Catholic paper, has been *tricked* into a great fault. Professing to keep out of politics, it ought never to have published, as editorial, a filthy, false and treacherous political document concocted by the "Cameronian Ring."

The *Standard* publication was cleverly designed. No one disputes Quay's shrewdness or Delaney's capacity in manufacturing affidavits; but in this instance they rather overshot the mark. The exposure of such unscrupulous means to injure Mr. Dill will necessarily encourage his friends, and he has them in both parties, to renewed labors in his behalf.

AN OIL TOWN ALMOST OBLITERATED.—In Edenburg, Clarion county, early Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the rear of Wilbur's livery stable, Main street, and spreading rapidly, soon swept over the entire block. The firemen were promptly on hand, but their efforts were paralyzed by the insufficiency of water. The total loss is estimated at three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars, largely insured. Two hundred and twenty-five buildings were burned and the town almost completely destroyed. Much suffering exists among the losers. A relief committee has been organized and the contributions of food from adjacent towns and from farmers in the vicinity are being distributed to the homeless. The principal losers are the Oil Well supply company, $30,000; Travis' livery stables, loss heavy, but unknown; Flinn & Hamm, $10,000; Bennett house, $12,000; Edenburg house, $12-000; M. E. church and parsonage, $7,000; Chalfant & Graff, hardware, $25,000; Exchange hotel, $10,000; B. Simons, tobacconist, $8,500; L. Walter, grocery, $8,000, and Defrance & Urry, druggists, $4,000.—The amount of insurance carried on the town was large, but the amount cannot be had at present. The depot warehouse, Union express office and postoffice were destroyed. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

—Monsignor Felix Antoine Phillippe Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans and member of the French Senate, died suddenly on Friday.

News and Other Notings.

—A man at Ascutneyville, Vt., has read 25,000 novels.

—The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

—Conrad Strickler, of Fayette county, has sold 4,000 bushels of peaches this year and realized $3,000.

—An elderly lady of Ackley, Iowa, recently died of joy, which a family reunion after long years of separation induced.

—Miss Forrest Fielding, of Cuthbert, Ga., has been graduated at Andrew Female College in her fourteenth year.

—A descendant of Mary Stuart is one of the belles of Bryan, Tex.—Miss Agnes Mc Queen, one of the famous Carolina family.

—The bees are reported to have killed off their drones, which is an indication that they are preparing for an early winter.

—Seventeen persons have been drowned at Cortemiglia and Millesmo, in Northern Italy, by the overflow of the Bormida river.

—Up to the last accounts twenty-three Protestant preachers and eighteen Catholic priests have fallen victims to the yellow fever.

—A peach tree near West Chester sent out a sprout in the spring which grew during the summer just eight feet nine inches.

—Henderson, Ky., has a hermaphrodite pig with blue eyes, the jaw and chin of a child, and a snout and ears like those of an elephant.

—A Portland, Oregon, dispatch says Eugene A. Cronin, who enjoyed some notoriety during the Presidential count, died there on Saturday night.

—The post office at Pithole, Venango county, has been discontinued. Thirteen years ago this post office was the third in the State in point of business.

—In consequence of the report from Cardinal McCloskey, the Vatican is said to be taking measures for a very considerable development of Catholicism in America.

—Stephen M. Chandler, eldest son of the Governor of New Brunswick, fell over an embankment near Balmeres Hill Friday and dislocated his neck, causing instant death.

—A Texas revivalist (colored) is preaching the doctrine of a frigid hell with immense success to congregations that were not at all impressed by the prospect of orthodox torments.

—Jacob L. Levison, an ex-Jewish rabbi in Cincinnati, has disappeared, leaving about $20,000 in forged paper behind him. Mr. Goodall, a monument builder, is the principal sufferer.

—Lydia Squinn, the last lineal descendant of the famous Indian King Philip, is still living at New Bedford, Mass., and, although eighty-three years of age, is still bright and vigorous.

—A story comes from Woodstock, Vt., of an old clock that no tinkering will induce to run; but at every annual gathering of the family it starts of itself and keeps on ticking and striking the hours until the visitors have departed.

—The Greenbackers elected to Congress from Iowa are pledged to vote with the Democrats on all party questions and to participate in the Democratic caucusses. They add two to the Democratic congressional column. That settles it.

—The house of John Conquest, near Clio, Mich., was burned on Wednesday night, and the charred remains of Conquest and his wife and child were found in the ruins. It is supposed they were murdered and the house set on fire.

—Dr. Thos. O. Summers, the first Nashville physician who volunteered to go to the assistance of the plague stricken in Memphis, has just received a massive gold medal and clasp, in recognition of his conduct, from some of his friends in Nashville.

—Edward Ward whipped his wife so outrageously in Charlevoix, Mich., that his neighbors tarred and feathered him; but the wife removed the tar and feathers from him, bound up his wounds, and accompanied him in his migration from the county.

—Lindsey's Bankruptcy Manual, which will soon be published, shows that there were more than *seven thousand persons* by or against whom petitions in bankruptcy were filed for the Western district of Pennsylvania since the passage of the act of 1867.

—Commodore Garrison, who isn't a minute less than seventy-five years of age, has been united in marriage to Miss Letitia Willett Randall, of St. Louis, a young lady of twenty-five summers. Three hundred thousand dollars were settled upon her before the wedding.

—At Decatur, Ill., Charles Everman and a neighbor cutting corn in a field became involved in an altercation, when Everman struck his neighbor three blows on the neck with a corn cutter, severing the head from the body. Did Everman hear of such a crime before?

—The Mystic Water Company has discovered that James Lee, former proprietor of a bleaching mill at Somerville, Mass., but who is now at sea, surreptitiously connected his establishment to the principal water main and for twelve years used water to the value of $96,000.

—Later advices from Clio, Mich., in regard to the Conquest family, whose charred remains were found in the ruins of their home on Tbursday, state that Mr. and Mrs. Conquest were found with their throats cut from ear to ear and their skulls crushed in. The baby's throat was also cut.

—Mr. J. H. Lambert, a responsible staff correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, distinctly charges that in 1875 the Republican State Committee, under the chairmanship of Henry M. Hoyt, voted a fund of $4,000 or $5,000 to buy Molly Maguires for Hartranft. Will Hoyt dare to deny the charge?

—Dr. O'Donnell loaded a wagon with Chinese lepers, in San Francisco, and exhibited them in the streets as proof of his previous assertions that the leprosy was common in that city. He was arrested, but a Justice discharged him. He declared that he could fill the court room with lepers in two hours.

—On Sunday last Frank Gurnell, living on Gibbon street, Pittsburgh, in a drunken fury assaulted his wife and knocked her down, when William Hart, a cousin of Gurnell's, interferred, and seizing Gurnell by the the throat threw him down. Gurnell's head struck the stove as he fell, breaking his neck. Hart has been arrested.

—Advices from Benson, Swift county, Minn., report a prairie fire extending over thirty miles square, destroying many farms, with houses, barns, cattle and grain. Many farmers have lost all their worldly possessions and are reduced to a condition of destitution. There will be much suffering this coming winter in consequence.

—Daniel Lindemuth, a Reading Railroad locomotive driver, believes that the way to resume is to resume. He threw a roll of greenbacks, received as his month's wages, into the kitchen stove on Wednesday afternoon. True, he afterwards felt in his vest pocket and pulled out a wad of newspaper and then began to howl, but he will not vote the Greenback ticket.

—A prayer meeting was in progress in the church in Mount Vernon, Ind., and a political procession, mistaking the lighted edifice for the hall in which a mass meeting was to be held, marched in with banners flying, to the music of a full band, and gave three cheers for its candidate. The clergyman invited the politicians to remain "for their souls' sake," but they declined.

—Mr. Flippin, of Patrick county, Va., has for thirty years been a paralytic from the waist down, and as he refuses to have his nails cut, they are several inches long and curved like the horns of a cow. He has some fifteen negroes, not one having left him during or since the war, and his overseer is a negro woman who is mother, mother-in-law, or grandmother of them all.

—A shooting affray occurred at Deadwood, D. T., on Saturday afternoon, between Mrs. Lovell, a notorious character, and John Rogers, an employe of Gregory's restaurant, which resulted in the death of the former and fatal wounding of the latter. The trouble arose over disputed ground, and has been going on for some time. Rogers cannot live. The assault was made by Mrs. Lovell at Rogers' house.

—Says that brilliant Catholic Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the *Boston Pilot*: "The man who talks of 'Irish' or 'Native' in an American election is a fool, a demagogue, or a scoundrel." This sentiment, so tersely stated, is respectfully referred to the Republican managers who have attempted, and most woefully failed, to revive the Know-Nothing issue in the campaign in this State.

—Dr. Nelson, the tallest and most miserly man in Memphis, has died of the fever. Dr. Nelson had not practiced his profession for many years, but had accumulated a fortune of over $250,000. His dress was always shabby, he lived in the suburbs like a pauper, and shunned intercourse with his fellows; and in the end he died of yellow fever, and was buried like a dog in Potter's Field.

—Mrs. Rowe's house in Roselle, N. J., was entered by a thief Thursday morning. A dog gave the alarm, and Mrs. Rowe, who was alone in the house, cornered the thief and bade him surrender. He refused, and struck Mrs. Rowe several times with a stick. She clung to him, however, and with the assistance of a neighbor, took him to Elizabeth, ten miles distant. He had a pair of chickens that he had killed previous to entering the house.

—Detective Simons, of Easton, arrested a man named McManus at Kansas City a few days ago for stealing horses in New Jersey. Less than three years ago McManus was arrested at Easton for bigamy and sentenced to a term of years in the Penitentiary. He was released last May, and since that time he has married two women, making three in all who now bear his name, as his first and lawful wife is yet alive and lives in Bridgeport, Conn.

—Tuesday night, while a party of young men were "horning" a newly married man named Harvey Anthony, ten miles from Watertown, N. Y., Anthony shot into the party and fatally injured a man named Rice and wounded several others. The party then returned the fire and threw stones and other missiles at the house, breaking in the windows and doors. The bride was badly and perhaps fatally injured. The occurrence caused great excitement.

—During a performance on Friday night at the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., now used as a music hall, a fight occurred under the gallery. The audience, hearing but being unable to see the disturbance, became alarmed, and the cry of "fire" was raised, when a terrible panic ensued, people rushing for the doors and sliding down the pillars of the gallery on the heads of occupants of the pit. A post impeded the exit, and thirty five men and lads and two women were suffocated. Many persons were severely injured.

—A headless rooster disturbs the tranquility of Colton, Southern California. The *Semi Tropic*, an esteemed contemporary of that region, tells us that three weeks ago "a farmer below town" chopped off the neck of the fattest cock in his barnyard for dinner. Chan ieleer flopped about in the customary death dance for awhile, and then rising with dignity walked off. He strode this way and that, not being able to see, and finally squatted in the yard, where he was at last accounts still reposing. It is supposed that the main artery was clogged, or something of that sort.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* very truthfully says that the National party amounts to nothing in our politics, and from this time forth will dwindle away until it disappears. It may give success to Republicans in Pennsylvania, as it did in Ohio, but this is all. It has no balance of power, because its separate existence insures the success of the Republicans, who denounce the Nationals as repudiators and communists. John Sherman and his co-laborers desire nothing better than that the Nationals should continue in the field. He does not fear them, and they injure the only party he does fear.

—In the great wide awake campaign of 1860, Andrew G. Curtin, then Republican candidate for Governor, addressed a Republican meeting in Reading, and on the same evening Gen. Joshua T. Owen addressed a Democratic meeting in that city. On Thursday night last, after the lapse of eighteen years, ex-Governor Curtin addressed a Democratic meeting in Reading, and on the same night Gen. Owen addressed a Republican meeting in the same city. This is one of the curious instances of mutations of politics, and an illustration of the saying that "the times change and men change with them."

—A dispatch from Rodney, Miss., says that Capt. John G. Peck, while on a peaceful mission to Alfred Fairfax, Republican nominee for Congress from the Fifth Louisiana district, and the negroes of Tensas parish, to remonstrate with them upon the course which they were pursuing in drawing the color line and thereby exciting race prejudices, was murdered by them near Waterproof on Saturday night. The negroes are defiant and refuse to submit to arrest, and as there are not enough men there to execute the process of the Court, aid has been sought from State troops in the other parishes. The peaceful people are much alarmed and in fear of insurrection.

—Urbanna, Ohio, is shocked over the fatal shooting of Alice Armstrong, a well-known woman of that city. For some time there has been bad blood between her and Marshall A. Brown. Thursday night she went to his house, was admitted, and was shot over the left eye, the ball lodging in the brain. Alice says that when she knocked at Brown's door he opened it, jerked her into the room, knocked her down, and then shot her. Brown says that when he opened his door Alice pulled a revolver on him, that he grabbed her and the revolver, and in the ensuing struggle she was shot as described. The woman cannot recover, and there was talk of lynching Brown.

AN ASTONISHING FACT.—A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

Use Dr. Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.

Makes the skin beautifully white and healthy, removes dandruff, chafing, prickly heat, sores eruptions, burning, stinging and itching of the skin and scalp. A sulphur bath with it is highly recommended. Always ask for it by its full name. [7-36.-6m.]

Lynch Law in Indiana.

A SHOCKING CRIME AND TERRIBLE AVENGEMENT—THREE WHITE MEN BURNED AND FIVE NEGROES LYNCHED.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Oct. 12.—Special dispatches from Mt. Vernon, Posey county, furnish the following particulars of a most horrible crime, followed by one of the most terrible examples of mob law with which the State has ever been disgraced:

Last Monday night a party of seven or nine negro men visited a house in process of the suburbs of Mount Carmel, occupied by three white men of bad repute, who were living in apparent affluence, claiming to have a note from a wealthy farmer named Howard, and gaining admittance to his compromising. They compelled the terror-stricken inmates to submit to their demands by violent threats and by thrusting revolvers in their faces. When they left the house their victims were more dead than alive from fright and the torture to which they had been subjected. The outrage caused much excitement, and when three of the negroes were recognized and identified by the victims as some of their assailants, and had been lodged in jail, the mob spirit was with difficulty subdued.

MOBOCRACY RAMPANT.

Yesterday morning the news that Constable Oscar Thomas, an officer well known and popular, had been killed while attempting to arrest one of the negroes, caused it to flow over and more results followed. In company with Officer Hayes, Thomas visited the house of a negro named Harris, and on approaching a gun was thrust out of a window and the head of a buckshot discharged into his breast and head. With the exclamation, "I am a dead man," he fell back into the arms of his companion and expired in a few minutes. Hayes returned the fire, wounding Harris, but not seriously, during the day angry and excited crowds of citizens filled the streets, thre

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 18, 1878.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Democratic District Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
GEN. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough;
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
EDWIN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough;
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

ALTHOUGH a Greenbacker was elected to Congress last week in the Indianapolis district, and also two in Iowa, it must not be inferred that these results were brought about purely by the votes of Greenback men. Each district was strongly Republican, and the Democrats made no nominations, but as a general thing voted for the Greenback candidates. If they had not done so, but had voted for men of their own party, there would have been no Greenback Congressmen elected in either of the two States. With Democrats it was a choice between two evils, and they chose the least.

WE were entirely too liberal last week in conceding that the Republican State ticket in Ohio had been elected by probably 7,000 majority. Last Saturday the Republicans of Columbus claimed a majority of only 4,000, while the Democrats would not concede more than 3,000. Thus has this great Republican victory dwindled down almost to a drawn game, for which the Democrats who voted the Greenback ticket have themselves alone to blame. If they had stood by their political integrity, in addition to electing *eleven* out of *twenty* Congressmen, they would have had a majority of twenty thousand for their State ticket.

THERE will not be any special regret expressed at the failure of Gen. Banks last week to obtain a renomination for Congress in the Fifth Massachusetts district. He was defeated by *one* vote by S. Z. Bowman. Some years ago he formally buried the bloody shirt, but not long since resurrected it, and vigorously flaunted it in the presence of an intelligent audience he was called upon to address. He has now received his proper reward, and that too in the old abolition State of Massachusetts. The same swift and stern punishment should be meted out to every public man who will attempt to preach the doctrine of hatred and ill will towards the people of the Southern States.

THE Denver (Colorado) *News*, speaking of the vote at the late election in that State, says that every Democratic convert to the Greenback party voted the straight Greenback ticket, while the Republican proselytes of the new organization marched to the polls and voted solidly for the Republican ticket. This nice little game was likewise played in Ohio at the election last week, and after it is re-enacted in our own State, in November, the Democrats who are now innocently training with the Greenback crowd will discover, only when it is too late, how completely they have been duped. One would suppose that the result in Colorado and Ohio ought to cause them to open their eyes, and to see the trap that is prepared for them.

THE true character of William Lilly, the cadet broker of Washington city, and the witness of Jacob M. Campbell's organ, the Johnstown *Tribune*, in its vile assaults upon Gen. Coffroth is now being more fully developed in its rottenness than even Lilly himself stamped it in his trumped-up story before the Congressional committee two years ago. It seems that he was a Brigade Quartermaster in the army in 1863, and we will publish next week the official record of his conviction by a Court Martial, held at Hilton Head, S. C., in that year, on *three* out of *five* charges preferred against him, and his dismissal from the service. *That* was the kind of hair-pin Lilly was in 1863. Has his character improved any since that eventful period?

ALWAYS taking it for granted that every Democrat who is worthy of the name will support the county ticket, and thus preserve the organization of his party unbroken, we have not deemed it all necessary to make any urgent appeal in that direction. We have no sort of patience with men calling themselves Democrats who will attend the delegate elections and afterwards oppose the nominations which have been made by their own selected agents. As a general rule, a county convention is a lottery in which political prizes are to be drawn, and no man will dispute the fact that the present county ticket was as fairly and honorably nominated as county tickets usually are. After the county convention had performed its work, it was not a question who *ought* to have been nominated for the different offices, but who *were*. The path has been made plain by the action of the convention, and no Democrat ought for one moment to think of doing anything else than his bounden duty by giving the ticket made by the convention his willing and cordial support.

IT was very amusing to see the Republican papers come out on the day after the Western elections last week, some with that "same old coon" up a pole, and others with a valiant *rooster* proudly crowing over a supposed political triumph. The fun didn't last very long, however, for on the following day it was discovered that the coon had sneaked forth a little too soon, and that the rooster had commenced to crow before he was half way out of the woods. The *Herald* played this *foul* trick on its readers as late as Thursday afternoon. It was a fitting imitation of the traditional boy whistling to keep his courage up while passing a graveyard after dark, or of a drowning man grasping at a straw. To lose *three* Congressmen in Ohio, *three* in Indiana, and *two* in Iowa—thus placing a Democratic majority in the lower branch of the next Congress beyond all doubt—was not much to crow over, nor was it exactly the entertainment to which Republican editors expected to be invited. The *marrow* of the victory won by the Democracy in these elections consists in the fact that they secured a majority of the Congressmen from each of the States of Ohio and Indiana, whose votes will, per consequence, be cast for a Democrat for President in the event of the election being thrown into the House of Representatives. Dan Voorhees succeeded in securing a majority of *twelve* over the Republicans and Greenbackers in the Indiana Legislature, and his election to the U. S. Senate may therefore be regarded as certain. This is a proud victory for the eloquent Indiana Senator, in the face of a Republican apportionment bill in that State which is as one sided and unjust as the one now in force in our own State.

IT is very evident that the Republican leaders intend to play their usual fraudulent game at the election in Philadelphia, unless prevented by the Judges of the Courts, before whom the annual contest to purge the registry lists commenced last week, and will continue daily until a few days previous to the election. The assessors have returned a total of 189,640 registered voters in that city. New York contains about 300,000 more inhabitants than Philadelphia, but has never polled as many votes as are registered in the latter city. It is believed that nearly 40,000 more names are on the Philadelphia lists than ought to be. As nearly all the wards are Republican, the assessors of course belong to that party, and as an instance of how effectually they do their fraudulent work, it was shown in the Court of Common Pleas, last Saturday, that *eight* voters were put down on the list as living at No. 1766 Howard street, whereas a Mrs. Potts testified before the Court that she lived at that number with her husband and son, and that there were no other men in the house. All the efforts that the Democrats have made in the Legislature to have one assessor of each party elected in the different wards have been defeated by the ring, for the express purpose of preventing an honest registration. Last year 8,000 illegal names were stricken from the list by the two Judges, and double that number would have been erased had there been time. The frauds in the city of Pittsburg at the next election bid fair to exceed those perpetrated in 1872 in the interest of Hartranft.

THE Philadelphia Recorder bill, of which M. S. Quay, chairman of the Republican State Committee, is now enjoying the ill-gotten fruits, has been brought to the attention of Henry M. Hoyt, Cameron's candidate for Governor, in a way which we fancy he least expected. A committee of citizens of Philadelphia addressed a letter early last week to each of the candidates for Governor, asking him whether, in his opinion, a repeal of the obnoxious measure would receive executive sanction. It will not be very difficult for Mr. Dill to answer such a letter, because he denounced the measure as unconstitutional. Before Hoyt replied to it, he got Hartranft, who signed the bill, and Quay, the Recorder himself, each to address a letter to him (Hoyt), in which they both, of course, defend the bill, and Hoyt sends these two letters, together with a brief one from himself, to the committee, as his answer. All this is exceedingly thin, and Mr. Hoyt will be taught that he cannot hoodwink the voters of Philadelphia by any such red tape process. The concluding sentence of Quay's letter to Hoyt in defence of the bill is a curiosity in its way. He tells Hoyt that in no sense can the bill work any oppression, "except among the thieves who have been bribing public officers, and robbing the State of her revenues in years past." This is as cool as an icicle, coming from a man who, under the very bill he is defending, is robbing the people of Philadelphia, as stated by the committee in their letter to Hoyt, of "more than $60,000 per annum."

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph*, a leading Republican paper, in referring to Delaney's charge of Know Nothingism against Mr. Dill, pays the following manly tribute to that gentleman:

> Archbishop Wood evidently has no ambition to figure before his fellow-citizens in the character of an organ-grinder, and the brief card in which he repudiates some of the very ridiculous performances of the *Catholic Standard* has both tith and point. The article in the *Standard* on "Know Nothingism in Pennsylvania Politics" was a mean, malicious and uncalled-for attack on Mr. Dill, which would have done discredit to any journal, but the publication of which in a religious paper was simply disgraceful. If Mr. Dill ever advocated Know Nothingism it was when he was a boy, and before he had wit and experience to know what he was talking about. What he professed to believe when he was eighteen years old has about as much bearing upon his political standing at the present time as had George Washington's early Tory principles with his policy after he became President of the United States. We hope to see Mr. Dill's competitor elevated to the Governorship of this State, but we have no desire to see the Democratic candidate slandered, or to have his defeat accomplished by other than the most honorable means. Whatever there may be against Mr. Dill as a politician, it can truthfully be said of him that there has been no suspicion of dark-lantern about his course. He has been in fact, remarkably open and above-board in all his sayings and doings, and if he should have the good luck to be elected Governor of this State there is no reason to doubt that he will perform all the Gubernatorial functions without fear, favor or partiality, and without religious or any bias other than that which is to be expected of a zealous advocate of a certain order of political opinions.

FROM the 1st of January, 1876, to the 30th of September, 1878—two years and nine months—116,088,525 copies of the New York *Sun* were issued, making a daily average circulation of 115,626 for the entire time, with a weekly circulation of 85,-859. How true it is that the *Sun* shines for all.

The Slanders against Gen. Coffroth.

The following article, which we copy from last week's Johnstown *Democrat*, assigns to the Johnstown *Tribune*, Jacob M. Campbell, who is the power behind the *Tribune*, the Bedford *Inquirer*, and last, though not least, William Lilly, the positions they are entitled to occupy, owing to the polluted flood of slander they have let loose on the head of Gen. Coffroth:

> The campaign of slander instituted by Jacob M. Campbell and the Johnstown *Tribune*, and followed by the Bedford *Inquirer*, against the character of Hon. A. H. Coffroth, is disgusting to fair men in the Republican party, and putting vigor and determination into Democrats to make an effort to defeat this campaign of slander and abuse. The *Tribune* charged Mr. Coffroth with selling a cadetship to a young man named Berwind, who resided at Saxton, Bedford county, and produced in evidence the statement of William Lilly, of Washington City. Mr. Lilly is one of the lillies that toil not, and neither does he spin anything but very improbable yarns. He is known in Washington City as a "policy" man, a man who is able and willing to furnish witnesses ready "stuffed" with any kind of evidence desired, and is a well-known perjurer and suborner of perjurers. He is a man without character or conscience, and for a consideration would swear to anything. His testimony would not be taken in a court of justice, and his evidence where he is known is damaging to the party who pays him. He is not one of the lillies of the valley, but a lily livered liar. He is in short a notorious dead beat. And the assertion that he was or is a Democrat is as big a lie as Lilly is himself.
>
> But last week's publication in the *Democrat* of the letters of John Fulton, Esq., Superintendent of the Cambria Iron Company's Mines, and the Messrs. Berwinds' letters in reply, flattened out the cadetship slander so transparently thin that the slanderers have been dazed and confused, and are now prepared to admit that their attack so far on the cadetship is a shameless slander; and propose now to say that it was some other man who bought the cadetship.
>
> As their slander about Berwind has so completely failed and reacted on them, their paid perjurer Lilly is again brought to the front, and with Jacob M. Campbell's money in his pocket, is willing to swear that Hon. A. H. Coffroth is the man who stole Charley Ross and struck Billy Patterson. And Mr. Lilly's testimony in these mysterious affairs would be believed about as much as anything else he may be paid to say.
>
> Hence the Bedford *Inquirer* of last week contains a slanderous letter from the redoubtable Lilly against General Coffroth in reply to a speech made by him at a Democratic meeting recently held in Bedford. By the testimony of Lilly published in the *Tribune*, and in a pamphlet now being circulated by Campbell, Lilly swears, *that he did not remember the name of the cadet—did not remember who the cadetship was for—did not know where he paid the money to Coffroth.* Now, this miserable, purchased beat, over two years after this sworn statement was made, says the cadet's name is Charles Philip Kuhnhart—that the money was paid at "Sanderson's," and the appointment was made on the 4th day of June, 1866. It is plain to all when he made his statement under oath he swore falsely, or he now utters a falsehood.
>
> But is it not self-evident that both his statements are false, and that interested parties have paid him for them? He stands forth a self-admitted perjurer. That is his business, and the men who are now using him are suborners of perjury. The Johnstown *Tribune* says the cadet was Berwind, and produced Lilly's statement to bolster it up, and Jacob M. Campbell had the *Tribune's* charge and Lilly's statement printed in pamphlet form and circulated, but now the *Tribune* and Lilly and the Bedford *Inquirer* say it was Kuhnhart. Was there ever such a palpable lie? Did ever before any set of liars so bunglingly mix themselves up? Both are shameless and infamous falsehoods. When the liars are answered they change their tune. The *Inquirer* says Kuhnhart had Campbell's money to do with getting this last statement? How much money has Jacob M. Campbell paid this bold scoundrel to swear his soul to hell? Will any sensible man believe this falsehood after a longer admitting confession of perjury by Lilly? We think not.
>
> The Johnstown *Tribune* must now change its base, it must print another pamphlet and admit a lie about Berwind.
>
> Gen. Coffroth appointed one naval cadet on the recommendation of John Fulton, Esq., one on the recommendation of Hon. B. F. Meyers, and one on the recommendation of the late Hon. J. W. Dickerson, of Bedford county.—Mr. Fulton has fully vindicated Gen. Coffroth in the appointment of Berwind. Mr. Dickerson is dead and Lilly knows this and has basely hit upon the young man he recommended in order to save himself and his instigators from a crushing contradiction and expose similar to the Berwind case. It is more than likely that Lilly's last statement was fixed up by one of Campbell's tools seen in Bedford. Gen. Coffroth is determined to find the whereabouts of Kuhnhart and have him expose Lilly's last lie. The public may expect a new lie against Gen. Coffroth in all the issues of the *Tribune* and Bedford *Inquirer* until the election.

THE Harrisburg *Patriot* very distinctly declares that the Republicans of Pennsylvania, by voting for Hoyt, will to all intents and purposes sustain the infamous bargain and sale whereby the Mollie Maguire vote was secured for Hartranft three years ago, and judging from the following we don't see how that horn of the dilemma can be avoided by any Republican who supports the ring ticket. The *Patriot* says:

> The death warrant of Jack Kehoe has not been issued, and if it should be issued will be followed by a reprieve from the Governor *after the election*. The Republican politicians *are holding on to the convicted man*, and they take their cue from the corrupt bargain and sale *engineered by their candidate, Col. Hoyt*, in 1875, when he was chairman of the Republican State Committee. We will let Mr. J. H. Lambert, the staff correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, tell the story. Mr. Lambert, in writing to the *Times* from Pittsburg, under date of October 10, says:
>
> "It is a fact that the important question of buying this vote (the Mollie Maguire) with money was discussed at length and earnestly by the Republican State Committee in the campaign of 1875. The proposition for the purchase as presented to the committee met with opposition from a few of the members, notably Mr. Wm. H. Kemble, of Philadelphia, who vigorously protested against the permanent disgrace and injury which such action, if consummated, would bring upon the Republican party. He was voted down, however, by a considerable majority of the members, and a fund of between four and five thousand dollars was immediately provided, which was passed over, through Gen. Seigfried and other local politicians of Schuylkill, to work its infamous purpose. Col. Henry M. Hoyt, the present Republican candidate for Governor, was chairman of the State Committee which decided upon this policy and provided the money. He will not deny the accuracy of this statement, nor will any member of his committee of that year."

> This statement puts the *responsibility* for the purchase of the Molly Maguire vote for Hartranft in 1875, through the agency of Jack Kehoe and his confreres, *upon Henry M. Hoyt*. This is a part of *his* record. It is a record, too, which he cannot dispute or explain. The money raised by the State Committee of which Hoyt was chairman was paid to *Jack Kehoe by Gen. Seigfried*, of Schuylkill county, who to-day holds office under Hartranft and who is the bosom friend of Hoyt. The fact was proved under oath upon the Molly Maguire trials.—When even so thorough-paced a partisan as William H. Kemble resisted from the proposition which was afterwards carried into effect by Hoyt and his committee, it may be understood how disgraceful and revolting it was. Now, according to Mr. Lambert, the Hoyt managers are actively engaged in an effort to repeat the corrupt and infamous bargain of 1875 with the Molly Maguires. The new contract is based on the *life of Jack Kehoe*. A fellow by the name of J. J. Gallagher, of M'Keesport, has been procured to go among Irishmen to represent that in order to save Jack Kehoe from the gallows they must *vote the Greenback ticket*.—As the Irish vote is chiefly Democratic, the purpose of Gallagher's employers is to divert it, if possible, from Mr. Dill. They know they cannot get Mr. Dill's vote. But their fraudulent and desperate scheme has been exposed and will certainly fail. All that Hoyt and his managers will make by this atrocious trick will be the humiliation and disgrace they deserve. If decent Republicans mean to vote consistently for a Republican candidate for Governor, they had better recall their convention and place another name at the head of the ticket.

—The Pittsburgh *Post* says that the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, after sending to the country two columns of slander upon the Democratic organization and one of the candidates of the party, considers itself aggrieved because it was charged with being paid for the job. It suddenly realizes that it has been caught in aiding a lot of corrupt politicians, and is brought up standing by Archbishop Wood and a further discussion prevented. But how does it propose to remedy the injury it has done? It is not enough to say the editor and proprietor were not purchased with money; we may grant that, but there is no restitution in this to Mr. Dill or the Democratic party.

—A Providence swindler coolly sold a house to which he had no claim, and received $2,700 for the forged title. The owner first learned of the sale when the supposed purchaser ordered him to move out.

On to Victory.

CHAIRMAN SPEER STRIKES THE KEYNOTE OF DEMOCRATIC DUTY—STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

The command of the hour is *Forward!* The duty of the hour is prompt, earnest, thorough organization. With the result in the late State elections before us, the highway to victory is so plain that even the blind can walk in it. Let Democrats worship at their own altar! Let the men who have stood by our standard through storm and hail—through defeat and disaster—strike their locks again and present an unbroken front to the common foe. Read with open eye, and consider with honest heart, the result in Ohio and Indiana.—They bring you fruitful lessons.

In Indiana the Democrats followed the old flag, and stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle. Victory now gilds their ensign; a majority approaching twenty thousand for their State ticket, and the election of nine out of thirteen members of Congress—a gain of five—and a majority in the Legislature, are the substantial fruits of their devotion.

In Ohio we have elected eleven members of Congress, a gain of three; but, while in a pitiable minority of the whole popular vote, the Republicans have elected their State ticket by a small plurality, through the folly of our own people. A sufficient number of Democrats wandered into the Greenback organization to secure the defeat of their old faith and the temporary success of their relentless foe. The Republicans who pretend to be Greenbackers betrayed their professions, and at the polls deserted their new party. And now the Democrats who were misled and deceived in the consuming shame and sorrow of their betrayal awake to the truth that they have been made the instruments to perpetuate Republican misrule and to defeat their old friends and cause.

Democrats of Pennsylvania, I call upon you to swear with uplifted hand that like tactics and treachery, led by corrupt men and means, shall not succeed here in November. To pause in your duty now is a crime. United, the State is ours, and the feast of Indiana will be spread upon our table. If you waste your ballot upon a third candidate the spoiler will reap the harvest and rob you of your own! Loaded with the plunder of many years, the Republican managers are debauching the people, and are maintaining Greenback organizations in Democratic counties for the cunning purpose of dividing our forces and thus securing our defeat. Hopelessly demoralized themselves, in their utter despair they seek to divide us. Shall the lesson of Ohio and Indiana pass unheeded? If faithful to our flag no human power can arrest our march or delay our triumph.

And why should Democrats desert their party now? The evils and burdens under which the people groan are the bitter fruits of Republican rule. Shall our folly perpetuate in power the authors of our woe? Or shall we not, burying minor differences, unite our forces and go forward to their overthrow? The path of duty and of safety is before us, and I summon every Democrat in the state to walk in it. If any of our people have been hesitating they must now see that the only hope of success is with us. With a history dating from the birth of the nation; honored with illustrious names and deeds, the Democratic party calls its wayward children back to its fold, that they may share in the joy and rejoicing of its coming victory.

R. M. SPEER,
Chairman State Democratic Committee.

THE CATHOLIC STANDARD COMES DOWN.—The *Catholic Standard* of this week, says the Pittsburgh *Post* of Friday, instead of producing Delaney's proofs of Dill's Know Nothingism, confesses to an error of judgment in the publication of its injudicious article of last week. It denies, however, that there was any corrupt consideration in the publication. As we published the public letter of Archbishop Wood censuring the publication, it is but just to give the following letter from the Archbishop to the publishers of the *Standard*:

CATHEDRAL, LOGAN SQUARE. }
PHILADELPHIA, October 7, 1878. }

To the Editor and Proprietors of the *Catholic Standard*:

GENTLEMEN: You object to the words, "*as a machine to be used by the managers of any political party*," which occur in the "Card" published in this issue of your paper as reflecting on your personal integrity. In using them we by no means intended to attribute corrupt or improper motives either to the editor or proprietors of the *Catholic Standard* in the publication of the unfortunate article. We have, on the contrary, many reasons to accord to them our sincere respect and esteem.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant in Christ,
+JAMES F. WOOD,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

The *Freeman's Journal*, of New York, devotes a lengthy editorial to the *Standard* article, from which we quote:

> Mr. Dill, who is too well known and has too distinct a record for him to deny, pronounces the charges as, FROM BEGINNING TO END, A LIE. The charge, whipped up into such froth, is that, in *Know-Nothing* times, he was a Know-Nothing! But his age is there to plead for him. In Know Nothing times he was *a boy in his teens!* He declares, even then, that he was never affiliated with them. (Not being of *voting age*, he could not have been a member of any lodge.) Mr. Dill *denouncing the whole story as a lie* makes its publication, without proof, very objectionable.
>
> Mr. Dill, Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, has a character sufficiently substantial to obtain entire belief when he declares *he never was affiliated to the Know Nothings!* We stand on *this*.
>
> The *Catholic Standard*, an excellent and able Catholic paper, has been *tricked* into a great fault. Professing to keep out of politics, it ought never to have published, as editorial, a filthy, false and treacherous political document concocted by the "Cameronian Ring."

The *Standard* publication was cleverly designed. No one disputes Quay's shrewdness or Delaney's capacity in manufacturing affidavits; but in this instance they rather overshot the mark. The exposure of such unscrupulous means to injure Mr. Dill will necessarily encourage his friends, and he has them in both parties, to renewed labors in his behalf.

AN OIL TOWN ALMOST OBLITERATED.—In Edenburg, Clarion county, early Sunday morning, a fire broke out in the rear of Wilbur's livery stable, Main street, and spreading rapidly, soon swept over the entire block. The firemen were promptly on hand, but their efforts were paralyzed by the insufficiency of water. The total loss is estimated at three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars, largely insured. Two hundred and twenty-five buildings were burned and the town almost completely destroyed. Much suffering exists among the losers. A relief committee has been organized and the contributions of food from adjacent towns and from farmers in the vicinity are being distributed to the homeless. The principal losers are the Oil Well supply company, $30,000; Travis' livery stables, loss heavy, but unknown; Flinn & Hamm, $10,000; Bennett house, $12,000; Edenburg house, $12,000; M. E. church and parsonage, $7,000; Chalfant & Graff, hardware, $25,000; Exchange hotel, $10,000; B. Simons, tobacconist, $3,500; L. Walter, grocery, $8,000, and Defrance & Urry, druggists, $4,000.—The amount of insurance carried on the town was large, but the amount cannot be had at present. The depot warehouse, Union express office and postoffice were destroyed. The fire is believed to have been incendiary.

—Monsignor Felix Antoine Phillippe Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans and member of the French Senate, died suddenly on Friday.

News and Other Notings.

—A man at Ascutneyville, Vt., has read 25,000 novels.

—The finest flour in Germany is now said to be made with glass millstones.

—Conrad Strickler, of Fayette county, has sold 4,000 bushels of peaches this year and realized $3,000.

—An elderly lady of Ackley, Iowa, recently died of joy, which a family reunion after long years of separation induced.

—Miss Forrest Fielding, of Cuthbert, Ga., has been graduated at Andrew Female College in her fourteenth year.

—A descendant of Mary Stuart is one of the bells of Bryan, Tex.—Miss Agnes Mc Queen, one of the famous Carolina family.

—The bees are reported to have killed off their drones, which is an indication that they are preparing for an early winter.

—Seventeen persons have been drowned at Cortemiglia and Millesmo, in Northern Italy, by the overflow of the Bormida river.

—Up to the last accounts twenty-three Protestant preachers and eighteen Catholic priests have fallen victims to the yellow fever.

—A peach tree near West Chester sent out a sprout in the spring which grew during the summer just eight feet nine inches.

—Henderson, Ky., has a hermaphrodite pig with blue eyes, the jaw and chin of a child, and a snout and ears like those of an elephant.

—A Portland, Oregon, dispatch says Eugene A. Cronin, who enjoyed some notoriety during the Presidential count, died there on Saturday night.

—The post office at Pithole, Venango county, has been discontinued. Thirteen years ago this post office was the third in the State in point of business.

—In consequence of the report from Cardinal McCloskey, the Vatican is said to be taking measures for a very considerable development of Catholicism in America.

—Stephen M. Chandler, eldest son of the Governor of New Brunswick, fell over an embankment near Balmeres Hill Friday and dislocated his neck, causing instant death.

—A Texas revivalist (colored) is preaching the doctrine of a frigid hell with immense success to congregations that were not at all impressed by the prospect of orthodox torments.

—Jacob L. Levison, an ex-Jewish rabbi in Cincinnati, has disappeared, leaving about $20,000 in forged paper behind him. Mr. Goodall, a monument builder, is the principal sufferer.

—Lydia Squinn, the last lineal descendant of the famous Indian King Philip, is still living at New Bedford, Mass., and, although eighty-three years of age, is still bright and vigorous.

—A story comes from Woodstock, Vt., of an old clock that no tinkering will induce to run; but at every annual gathering of the family it starts of itself and keeps on ticking and striking the hours until the visitors have departed.

—The Greenbackers elected to Congress from Iowa are pledged to vote with the Democrats on all party questions and to participate in the Democratic caucuses. They add two to the Democratic congressional column. That settles it.

—The house of John Conquest, near Clio, Mich., was burned on Wednesday night, and the charred remains of Conquest and his wife and child were found in the ruins. It is supposed they were murdered and the house set on fire.

—Dr. Thos. O. Summers, the first Nashville physician who volunteered to go to the assistance of the plague stricken in Memphis, has just received a massive gold medal and clasp, in recognition of his conduct, from some of his friends in Nashville.

—Edward Ward whipped his wife so outrageously in Charlevoix, Mich., that his neighbors tarred and feathered him; but the wife removed the tar and feathers from him, bound up his wounds, and accompanied him in his migration from the county.

—Lindsey's Bankruptcy Manual, which will soon be published, shows that there were more than *seven thousand persons* by or against whom petitions in bankruptcy were filed for the Western district of Pennsylvania since the passage of the act of 1867.

—Commodore Garrison, who isn't a minute less than seventy-five years of age, has been united in marriage to Miss Letitia Willett Randall, of St. Louis, a young lady of twenty-five summers. Three hundred thousand dollars were settled upon her before the wedding.

—At Decatur, Ill., Charles Everman and a neighbor cutting corn in a field became involved in an altercation, when Everman struck his neighbor three blows on the neck with a corn cutter, severing the head from the body. Did Everman hear of such a crime before?

—The Mystic Water Company has discovered that James Lee, former proprietor of a bleaching mill at Somerville, Mass., but who is now at sea, surreptitiously connected his establishment to the principal water main and for twelve years used water to the value of $96,000.

—Later advices from Clio, Mich., in regard to the Conquest family, whose charred remains were found in the ruins of their home on Thursday, state that Mr. and Mrs. Conquest were found with their throats cut from ear to ear and their skulls crushed in. The baby's throat was also cut.

—Mr. J. H. Lambert, a responsible staff correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, distinctly charges that in 1875 the Republican State Committee, under the chairmanship of Henry M. Hoyt, voted a fund of $4,000 or $5,000 to buy Molly Maguires for Hartranft. Will Hoyt dare to deny the charge?

—Dr. O'Donnell loaded a wagon with Chinese lepers, in San Francisco, and exhibited them in the streets as proof of his previous assertions that the leprosy was common in that city. He was arrested, but a Justice discharged him. He declared that he could fill the court room with lepers in two hours.

—On Sunday last Frank Gurnell, living on Gibbon street, Pittsburgh, in a drunken fury assaulted his wife and knocked her down, when William Hart, a cousin of Gurnell's, interferred, and seizing Gurnell by the the throat threw him down. Gurnell's head struck the stove as he fell, breaking his neck. Hart has been arrested.

—Advices from Benson, Swift county, Minn., report a prairie fire extending over thirty miles square, destroying many farms, with houses, barns, cattle and grain. Many farmers have lost all their worldly possessions and are reduced to a condition of destitution. There will be much suffering this coming winter in consequence.

—Daniel Lindemuth, a Reading Railroad locomotive driver, believes that the way to resume is to resume. He threw a roll of greenbacks, received as his month's wages, into the kitchen stove on Wednesday afternoon. True, he afterwards felt in his vest pocket and pulled out a wad of newspaper and then began to howl, but he will not vote the Greenback ticket.

—A prayer meeting was in progress in the church in Mount Vernon, Ind., and a political procession, mistaking the lighted edifice for the hall in which a mass meeting was to be held, marched in with banners flying, to the music of a full band, and gave three cheers for its candidate. The clergyman invited the politicians to remain "for their souls' sake," but they declined.

—Mr. Flippin, of Patrick county, Va., has for thirty years been a paralytic from the waist down, and as he refuses to have his nails cut, they are several inches long and curved like the horns of a cow. He has some fifteen negroes, not one having left him during or since the war, and his overseer is a negro woman who is mother, mother-in-law, or grandmother of them all.

—A shooting affray occurred at Deadwood, D. T., on Saturday afternoon, between Mrs. Lovell, a notorious character, and John Rogers, an employe of Gregory's restaurant, which resulted in the death of the former and fatal wounding of the latter. The trouble arose over disputed ground, and has been going on for some time. Rogers cannot live. The assault was made by Mrs. Lovell at Rogers' house.

—Says that brilliant Catholic Irishman, John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston *Pilot*: "The man who talks of 'Irish' or 'Native' in an American election is a fool, a demagogue, or a scoundrel." This sentiment, so tersely stated, is respectfully referred to the Republican managers who have attempted, and most woefully failed, to revive the Know-Nothing issue in the campaign in this State.

—Dr. Nelson, the tallest and most miserly man in Memphis, has died of the fever. Dr. Nelson had not practiced his profession for many years, but had accumulated a fortune of over $250,000. His dress was always shabby, he lived in the suburbs like a pauper, and shunned intercourse with his fellows; and in the end he died of yellow fever, and was buried like a dog in Potter's Field.

—Mrs. Rowe's house in Roselle, N. J., was entered by a thief Thursday morning. A dog gave the alarm, and Mrs. Rowe, who was alone in the house, cornered the thief and bade him surrender. He refused, and struck Mrs. Rowe several times with a stick. She clung to him, however, and with the assistance of a neighbor, took him to Elizabeth, ten miles distant. He had a pair of chickens that he had killed previous to entering the house.

—Detective Simons, of Easton, arrested a man named McManus at Kansas City a few days ago for stealing horses in New Jersey. Less than three years ago McManus was arrested at Easton for bigamy and sentenced to a term of years in the Penitentiary. He was released last May, and since that time he has married two women, making three in all who now bear his name, as his first and lawful wife is yet alive and lives in Bridgeport, Conn.

—Tuesday night, while a party of young men were "horning" a newly married man named Harvey Anthony, ten miles from Watertown, N. Y., Anthony shot into the party and fatally injured a man named Rice and wounded several others. The party then returned the fire and threw stones and other missiles at the house, breaking in the windows and doors. The bride was badly and perhaps fatally injured. The occurrence caused great excitement.

—During a performance on Friday night at the Colosseum Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., now used as a music hall, a fight occurred under the gallery. The audience, hearing but being unable to see the disturbance, became alarmed, and the cry of "fire" was raised, when a terrible panic ensued, people rushing for the doors and sliding down the pillars of the gallery on the heads of occupants of the pit. A post impeded the exit, and thirty five men and lads and two women were suffocated. Many persons w[illegible]

—A[illegible] quilt[illegible] The [illegible] rary [illegible] week [illegible] off t[illegible] yard [illegible] in t[illegible] and [illegible] He [illegible] abl[illegible] wh[illegible] it [illegible] cl[illegible]

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☞ Special attention paid to business of correspondents. A. W. BUCK,
Nov. 19, 1875.-tf. Cashier.

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Tooth, Hair, Shoe, Scrub and Dusting Brushes, Combs of all kind, Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes, Glassware, Lamps, Lamp Chimneys, and hundreds of other articles needless to mention—all of which will be sold at the

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LEMMON & MURRAY.
Ebensburg, June 8, 1877.

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April 24, 1878.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

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T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Policies written at short notice in the
OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"
And other First Class Companies.
Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1877 -1y.*

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [1 21.'76 -tf.]

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TRAMWAYS.

As early as the year 1676, rails of oak or other hard wood are shown by Mr. Clark to have been in use in the colliery districts of England. Not long after this time it became a common practice to nail down bars of wrought iron on the top of the timber sleepers. It was found that, whereas a horse upon the common road could draw 8 bolls or 1,700 pounds of coal, his power of draught upon the tramway amounted to 19 bolls or 4,200 pounds. The wrought iron bars not being rigid enough to prevent bending or breaking at the ends under the weight of the truck, the use of cast iron was introduced by the Coalbrook Dale Iron Company in 1767. The rails were cast in lengths of 5 feet 6 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick, with three holes whereby they were nailed down to the longitudinal wooden sleepers, the whole being kept true to gauge by cross sleepers of wood of about the length of the ordinary carriage or wagon axle. Here was the germ of the development of the modern locomotive system. On the introduction of steam it became manifest that the traffic should be kept from that of the common roads, and that the new tracks should be subject gradient and and curves suited to the locomotive. The main lines of communication were thus rapidly occupied by a network of railways. A reaction however set in on its being found that railways, besides their vast expense, were lacking indaptability to the subordinate lines of traffic which followed roads and streets. The convenient and unpretentious tramway began to be again thought of, worked as of old by horse power upon common roads. It was in the United States that the modern tram-road was earliest employed, the first section of the New York and Harlem line being laid down in 1832 to a gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. It proved, however, unpopular, and was soon taken